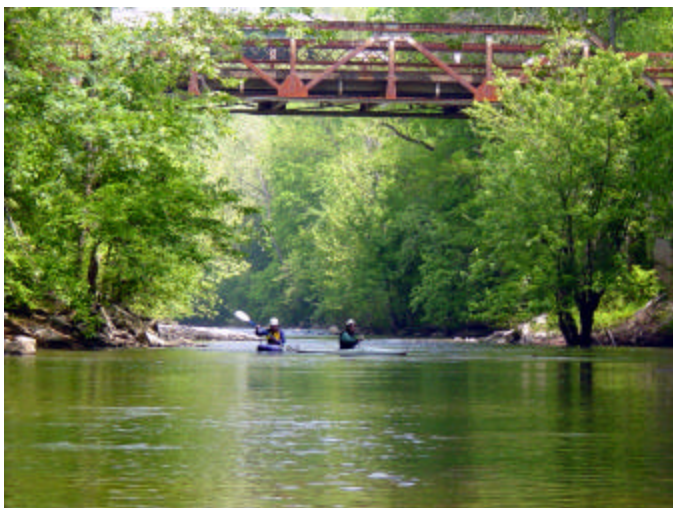


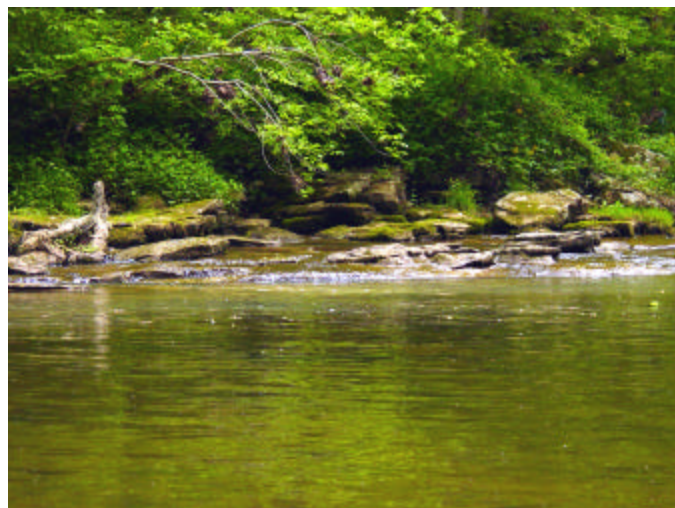


# *C.O.G. SQUEAKS*

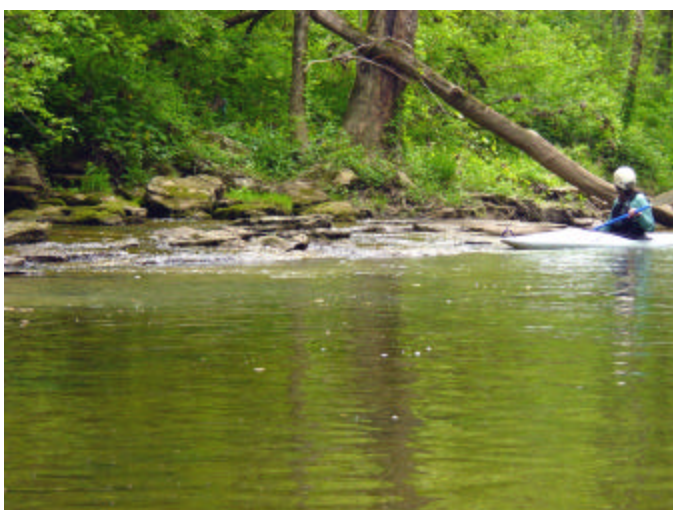
May 2003



**Put in at old KY 80 Bridge over Buck Creek at Stab**



**Another Resurgence of Short Creek along Buck Creek**



**One of the several Resurgences of Short Creek along Buck Creek**



**Lunch at one of the many - many Cave Entrances along Buck Creek**

**A Kayaking/Caving Trip along Buck Creek In Pulaski County, Kentucky**

Photos by Bill Walden

## **THE CENTRAL OHIO GROTTO (COG)**

The Central Ohio Grotto (COG) of the National Speleological Society meets at 7:00 p.m. at the Worthington Presbyterian Church the fourth Tuesday of most months. The church is on the northwest corner of the square in Worthington. Parking is available behind the church. Enter the parking lot from the first side street off State Route 161. Please contact a grotto officer to confirm meeting time and place. The December meeting is not held at the church.

**Grotto Mailing Address:** C/O Bill Walden, 1672 South Galena Road, Galena, OH 43021 740-965-2942

Email: [wwalden@columbus.rr.com](mailto:wwalden@columbus.rr.com)

**COG WEB page:** [www.tuningoracle.com/cog](http://www.tuningoracle.com/cog)

***Grotto Membership Dues:***  
***\$15 per individual or \$20 per family.***

<b><i>Grotto Officers</i></b>	<b><i>Name</i></b>	<b><i>Telephone</i></b>
Chairman	Joe Gibson	614-855-7948
Vice Chair	Darrell Adkins	740-392-6382
Secretary	Dale Andreatta	614-890-3269
Treasurer	Karen Walden	740-965-2942
Exec. Committee	Don Conover	937-372-7581
Exec. Committee	Bill Walden	740-965-2942
Exec. Committee	Lacie Braley	614-895-1732

Squeaks Editor- Bill Walden - [wwalden@columbus.rr.com](mailto:wwalden@columbus.rr.com)

Webmaster - Kevin Toepke - [ktoepke@tuningoracle.com](mailto:ktoepke@tuningoracle.com)

Boone Karst Rep – Cat Whitney - [CatAnnable@hotmail.com](mailto:CatAnnable@hotmail.com)

Youth Committee Chair-Roland Snow - [snowpeople@ameritech.net](mailto:snowpeople@ameritech.net)

List Server – [cog@ontosystems.com](mailto:cog@ontosystems.com)

## **The C.O.G. Squeaks**

The C.O.G. Squeaks is the official newsletter of the Central Ohio Grotto. Articles regarding cave exploration and study, cave trips, cave fiction, cave poetry, cave-related cartoons, cave art or photographs are always welcome. Please note that we have a 35mm film scanner and a flat bed scanner. I can handle negatives up to 4 X 5 inches. So, please send your photos, negatives, or slides for inclusion in the Squeaks. Material may be submitted via mail, e-mail, disk, fax, or even dictation to Bill Walden.

The C.O.G. Squeaks is mailed to dues paying members and to grottos with which the COG exchanges newsletters. The C.O.G. Squeaks is also available by E-mail as an Adobe Acrobat file (PDF) or Word Document. Please notify Bill Walden or Andy Franklin if you would like a file of the Squeaks to reprint. The Squeaks is available as a PDF at:

[www.tuningoracle.com/cog](http://www.tuningoracle.com/cog):

NSS organizations have permission to reprint material from the C.O.G. Squeaks so long as the author and Squeaks are given credit, unless otherwise stated.

## **KARST CALENDAR**

May 23-26, 2003 **Speleofest** at Camp Carlson in Fort Knox, KY.  
Visit [www.caves.org/grotto/louisvillegrotto](http://www.caves.org/grotto/louisvillegrotto) for more information

May 26 OVR Meeting at Speleofest

May 27<sup>th</sup> COG Meeting

May 31, 2003 Lost River Field Trip refer to pages 4 & 5  
February 2003

June 20 – 22 Indiana Cave Capers at Delaney Park – 50<sup>th</sup>  
Anniversary. [www.cavecapers.com](http://www.cavecapers.com) for more info.

June 24 COG Meeting

July 18-20 GCG Karst-O-Rama at Great Saltpetre Cave  
Preserve. Visit the WEB site for more info.  
[www.gcgcavers.com/kor/kor\\_home.html](http://www.gcgcavers.com/kor/kor_home.html)

August 4-8, 2003 **NSS Convention**, Porterville, Cal.

August 22-24 Wormfest Bandy Creek Campground, Big  
South Fork, Tennessee.

Sept. 27, 2003 Lost River Field Trip refer to pages 4 & 5  
February 2003

## **50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Special Squeaks**

If you missed the COG's 50<sup>th</sup> party – you missed a good party. The Special December COG Squeaks was giving to cavers attending the party and was not mailed. If you missed the party, copies of this special Squeaks may be purchased at the COG meeting for \$5.00.

## **50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Patches**

50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary patches are available at the meeting for \$5.00 or they may be ordered from Karen Walden.

<b><u>Contents</u></b>	<b><u>Page</u></b>
Grotto Information	This Page
Karst Calendar	This Page
Search for the Source of the Nile	2
By Stephen Clark	
Yet another Jugornot Discovery by Kevin Toepke	7
In and around Squalid Manor (Part II)	8 and 12
April Minutes by Dale Andreatta	9
Kayak/Caving Trip by Bill Walden	9
Surveying in Grayson Gunner Cave	11
By Bill Walden	
Karen's Accident by Karen Walden	13

Cover Photos taken along Buck Creek by Bill Walden. Yes, just in case you are wondering, everything is very, very green.

**The new COG Meeting night is the 4th  
Tuesday of the month at 7:00pm.**

# Search for the Source of the Nile

## Survey Swimming in Grayson Gunnar Cave

Wayne County, Kentucky

March 21-23, 2003

By Stephen Clark  
NSS# 24145

Though I had thoroughly enjoyed the snowy marvels of the passing winter, with its snowball fights, downhill sledding and ice castles, I was more than ready for the pleasures of early spring and the coming of a fresh caving season. Of course I say this tongue in cheek, for the hardened veterans of Grayson Gunnar Cave (GGC for short) hadn't bothered to wait for warmer weather, but instead had caved actively throughout the frigid weather, icy conditions and frequent weekends of heavy rain. Normally the moderate climate of caving is a vast relief during harsh winters, but GGC requires all who enter to do a bit of swimming for the first several hundred feet before the dry upper levels intersect to carry one away from the water. Considering the only known entrance is the lower opening of the cave, this means a very cold wind blows through the entrance water passage for some time, chasing fugitive cavers upstream.

While caving over the weekend with these brave souls, I was entertained with accounts of exiting the cave in the dead of winter and below 10-degree temperatures. There were plenty of stories about changing out of wetsuits and rushing for blankets and heavy winter clothing, which by all accounts turned into a mad science.

If God was rewarding their faith then they are blessed indeed, for the daring group made incredible progress despite the season, mapping nearly five miles in five short months! That's five miles of virgin passage. Having been especially fortunate myself in walking miles of virgin passage in the past, I know just how intoxicating such a rush can be.

If truth were known, I was frankly jealous and quick to admit it. Just this past November, after an interesting tourist trip into Sloan's Valley with such noted greats as Lou Simpson, Ken Smith and Bob Woods; Harry Goepel had asked me if I was interested in doing an initial reconnaissance into a promising looking water cave on the way home to Ohio on Sunday. At first I committed, but later realized that I didn't have the time after the huge breakfast I fixed our group—I being the *Le Chef de la Fini de Semana* for the group. So I passed. It was the biggest caving career mistake that I have ever made.

During the winter I kept receiving emails from different cavers announcing the ongoing progress and stupidly I bided my time. After a trip fell through in February because of work related restrictions, I was finally ready by later March for the challenge. My 14-year-old son, Ryan, more than carried the joint enthusiasm we both felt throughout the final week leading up to the trip. He couldn't stop talking about it and admittedly I was quite pumped myself. I did have my worries though over how

well my son would perform "under combat." He had only caved twice before this trip: once in Wolf River while helping Jim Blankenship, Lacie Braley, Steve Lugannani and I to lead a scout troop in June of 2000, as well as this past November inside Sloan's, but both trips had been fairly low key trips without the traditional stresses and pushes of normal cave exploration. GGC was obviously intensive from several aspects and this would be Ryan's biggest challenge and determining factor if caving would develop into a permanent passion in the years to come.

Despite my worries, I had no cause to doubt his love of the hobby. A week before the trip we had gone through our caving gear and clothing, washing, sorting, and restocking. Ryan spotted a polypro shirt that he had worn in Sloan's the previous November, and had neglected to put in the wash since the trip. As we all know, the earthy odors of a cave cling to clothing. Without hesitation he picked up the shirt, clumped it around his face and took a deep breath, releasing it in such a glorious fit of satisfaction. "Oh!" He exclaimed, "How I do love that smell of the cave!" I about died from surprise and laughter, as we have all done this...this boy is caver through and through!

Before his untimely death, I remember Steve Lugannani excitedly telling us during the early stages of one of our many explorations together, that in-between his caving trips he would keep his unwashed coveralls in his van purposely to encourage the cave aromas. All of us could relate without comment.

Ryan and I were up by six o'clock on Friday morning making final preparations and happy to be heading out. My wife Karen nervously watched us pack the car. We were whistling and humming as we threw things in. I knew that she was especially worried about Ryan's entry into "kick-ass" caving, but I assured her over and over that I wouldn't allow anything harmful to happen to him and that I would be especially attentive. About a month before I had made a catastrophic blunder in allowing Karen to read Lacie Braley's tell-all trip report of caving in GGC during the weekend of the big snowstorm here in Ohio. While we caught 18 inches of snow, Wayne County experienced several inches of rain in the days previous and again during the actual caving weekend itself. Amazingly, even crazily, the trip went on without difficulty, but the ride out of the cave was nothing short of perilous, with high rim-stone dams and waterfalls creating undertows in their trapped pools, and a mere seven inches of airspace greeting them at the 35 foot crawlway which forms the actual entranceway. All beautifully described by Lacie! How very shortsighted of me.

I told Jim Blankenship that we would arrive at his door by eight o'clock so we could insure an early start. The plan was to eat at

an excellent breakfast buffet along the way and then meet Lou in Cincinnati. Since my reputation for punctuality is poor, I was especially happy when we managed to arrive at a healthy ten minutes after eight. What was planned to be an early start turned into a later morning launch, as Jim was caught up in trying to solve some last minute details on a domestic painting chore that his family was undertaking with outside contracting.

After meeting Lou and Harry in good old Avon Fields, we started out a happy bunch. Ryan and I rode with Harry and Lou with Jim, all the while keeping in contact through hand-held radios.

We applauded the Tennessee border in the later afternoon and pulled into the picturesque home of Shawn Roark, whose bubbly personality, youthful expressions and pure love of caving are such a joy to be around. Shawn is the daughter of Kay Wood Conatser, a local author and caver, whom we met one hot Sunday afternoon a couple years back while visiting the 19<sup>th</sup> century-styled grocery store—Forbus. Teaming up with another strong local caver, Buddy Gibson, Shawn had been active in ridge walking several valleys and gorges, noting entrances on topographical maps and initial exploration for some time before we had the good fortune of meeting this local squad.

Shawn's love for geology is readily apparent once you walk out onto her scenic second story deck where you'll discover a large collection of geologic examples ranging from curious accretion disks to small crystals and fossils. I was especially impressed with a large example of petrified coral, presumably from the ancient shallow seas that once covered the midwestern states. Scattered pin-ups of GGC survey sketches and pieces of map are also tacked to her dining room wall.

With twilight drawing across the skies we left Shawn with hopes for the morrow and checked into our home away from home—Granny's. No caving group could ever be so spoiled and cozy as this group is at this place! And I am a willing member. All the comforts of home: hot shower, warm beds, living room to tell our caving stories in, and finally, no television to bother our tranquility. Considering the stark tragedies of military conflict that are sounding ever so loudly around us, it was truly a blessing to get away from the war-drums.

Going into town we enjoyed a feast at our favorite country buffet, Ruth's, and then it was off to Wal-mart and then to our Tennessee home. Jim and I thoroughly bored Lou, Ryan and Harry by playing chess until two in the ungodly morning, but I brought my guitar for Lou to strum on and he entertained us with some cave ballads and country-folk standards.

By the way, Jim roundly crushed me the first game, much to my deepest disgust, and after a violent game of swirling initiatives, drew the second. If I were to draw the three-game, weekend match, then I would have to beat him the third game after the punishing GGC trip. Not promising.

Next morning I was up fixing breakfast for the crew—cracking eggs for a sausage-cheese style casserole that was quick on the draw to throw together—and humming along with the radio. It

felt wonderful to be back caving again. As was traditional I found some country music to cook by, but I would have preferred bluegrass instead. I love that strong flavored music when we return to our second home in cave heaven, but I couldn't locate any. I suppose that it has become too cliché for the area and only stereotyping Ohio city boys like myself still think of that region in such a musical style.

Lou Simpson was going to spend the day metal detecting at yet another local historical site, while Jim Blankenship was looking forward to a day of blissful rest, solitude and sharpening his chess skills (no doubt laying down ambush plans for our game that evening) after an intense three months (and 15 hour days) of running his highly successful tax business.

Harry, Ryan and myself arrived at the mouth of GGC around 10:40 eastern, which considering the traditional style of the old Black House Mountain Gang was rather early—though we were officially 40 minutes late. Shawn, kicking back on the hood of her truck, made sure that we didn't sneak into camp without some serious rib tickling concerning our tardiness, but I had anticipated her and gave my own self-denunciation.

The ever quiet and easy-going Pat Erisman waited beside Shawn, and Buddy was taking a smoke break before the trip, but there were two new faces to me also. Roger and Dominique were also heavily involved with GGC, having been there from the beginning. Since I love meeting new people and especially caver-people, I found it rather easy to fit into the group, which is something that is very important to me.

Immediately I had the pleasure of meeting the owner of this magnificent property. Mr. Guffy reminded me strongly of my grandfather with his openly friendly smile, kindly crinkled face and slight portliness. He shook my hand warmly and I was reminded once again of the benevolence and generosity that we had been blessed with from many of the local landowners. He was not a caver, but he eagerly listened to everything that the group reported to him and I am sure that he excitedly awaited a cave map. It was his family that were given the honor of naming the cave after their grandson, Grayson Gunnar, which I thought was a brilliant idea by the explorers as a way of endearing the exploration to the non-caving landowners.

After we drove down to the actual cave entrance, just down from the Guffy home, I proceeded to drive my son Ryan crazy (as well as the group) from all the intense checking and packing I did for him at the cave mouth. Quite frankly I was rather nervous and anxious for him, not because I didn't have faith in him, but rather from the fact of his inexperience. I had never stepped inside this cave and therefore had no idea what to expect myself. I knew that everything would be all right as long as we all looked out for one another, but you will excuse a parent's paranoia.

The entrance scenery to Grayson Gunnar Cave is spectacular and immediately reminded me of spots inside the Hocking Hills State Park in Southeastern Ohio. Set against a sheer rock face, the cave passage comes right out of a mountainous foundation, spilling a good amount of water flow into a moderately narrow, but steeply



sloping valley. Immediately on the opposite side of this canyon like valley was a second entranceway where water was spilling out of that rock face with equal flow! Harry explained to me that this particular entrance was sumped with no apparent way in and though they were in search of a possible route to reach it from inside GGC, as to date nothing had been found. Listening to Harry, Pat added, "A hell of a lot of cave is behind that mountain." I had to look over and just sit in wonderment. As I surveyed our surroundings Harry educated me concerning the mountainous spine that surrounded us.

Getting down to business, I think that I wore my poor son out checking his kneepads, wetsuit, cave-pack, headlamp, and general gear. I repeated to Ryan, as I was pulling here and tugging there, one of my favorite caving quotes, that preparing for a cave outing was like dressing for combat. Off to the side Harry and Shawn amused themselves with vocalized plans and speculations as I hurriedly prepared myself for the same battle. I had spent so long on Ryan that I had caused our detachment to wait on me! Not good, since I had always been taught to be as prepared as possible and never make other cavers wait on you. Dale Harmon, who taught me my basic caving skills all those years ago, using effective drill instructor methods, would have been most displeased.

The plan of the day was to break our eight-caver group into two survey parties. The first, headed by Pat Erisman, with Roger, Dominique and Buddy, would leave the water passage about 1000 feet into the cave, shed their wetsuits and redress into standard caving clothes, portaged inside dry bags, and then make their way to the back of a particularly promising upper dry lead. Our party, crewed by Shawn, Harry, Ryan and myself, would proceed past the "changing room" and straight up the river passage until we could locate the last known survey point.

After crawling on hands and knees in a very wide water passage for 35 feet, we emerged into a sizable channel possibly ten feet high and decently wide. Continuing up stream we began to immediately come upon the famed rim stone dams that I had heard so much about. The water was surprisingly clear and we could easily see the bottom of five and six foot pools. Indeed, the dams deserved their reputation. They stood tall and stretched the entire width of the passage like flooded castle walls. At first I was afraid to place my weight upon them, for fear that I would destroy each and every one, but I quickly learned that these were not the typical fragile examples that I seen inside such caverns as Walt's World Passage deep inside Cornstarch Cave. These rocky walls were thick, tall and proud and never buckled, even when one stood on them. At first the dams were fairly low, possibly one or two feet, and easy to step over, but progressively as the water deepened, so the dams rose in height—and certainly the reverse is true as well, since the rising dams deepened the pools that were now turning into large bath tubs. Bulky slabs generously littered the bottom, titling, leaning and angling in all crazy manner of arrangement, though it was easy to avoid them and step lightly because of the absolute pristine clarity of the water.

The passage was still booming and increasing in over all size—if it were not for the active waterway this channel could easily be described as strolling borehole—but the dams kept increasing in height until finally we were literally climbing out of one deep pool, straddling the dam and then dropping into the next pond. Most of the time the depth rarely exceeded five feet, but occasionally the water would rise over my head and we would be forced to hold on to the craggy sides and hand over hand our way down the passage. A few times, out of curiosity, I elected to swim up the course. I had asked both Harry and Lou what swimming in full cave gear was like, expecting them to say that you sink like a stone, but they told me the wetsuit helps to achieve a measure of buoyancy, but the booted feet tend to be dead weight. I can report that this was indeed the case in every detail. As an active swimmer myself, doing a mile a day, five a week, at my nearby YMCA, it was both humorous and instructional to be paddling in a cave, combining both hobbies in such a practical way. Ryan at times rode on my shoulders as I swam, but mostly picked his way along the walls.

At one point, noticing my gawking, Shawn related to me how she loved to take notice of the old water levels notched into the wall above our heads. She related how it made her realize just how much time this cave represented and what this passage had been like eons ago. It was then that I realized that Shawn was heavily a caving sentimentalist like myself!

Besides the tall rim stone dams there were crashing flowstone waterfalls, making all conversation impossible; and in more shallow water, gentle sloping, flowstone rapids in long consecutive terraces, all in a color of French vanilla cake icing. The purity of the water was such that one had to look closely to see the flowing liquid, which was little more than creased and folded transparency. I was so enchanted by the color and purity of those formations that I had to gasp out loud in surprise and fascination when I viewed them for the first time. After the initial discovery, I believe that I mildly annoyed Shawn and Harry by shouting out these one-word adjectives every time we would come upon another series of French terraces. I never got my fill of them and fortunately for me the cave never seemed tired to showcase them.

We came upon the second survey party dressing into dry cave clothes and soon left them behind continuing up river. Finally we managed to arrive at a fork in the river where the flow equally divided left and right. This area of the passage was lower, though not uncomfortably so, and the water flow was much slower. The bottom turned from being sure-footed limestone into the kind of deep mud that I was so familiar with inside Black House Mountain caves of years past. Back at the entrance I had told Ryan to make sure that he doubled knotted his boots for just this condition and now I was grateful that I did.

We advanced another 250 feet, struggling a bit through the mud, but no other survey points could be found so we decided to survey down river to our last known point at the river fork and then go from there. Harry fixed a good ceiling survey mark with flagging tape and away we went. Ryan took the survey tape and I did back shots, while Shawn worked on recording and sketching.

Harry of course was front shot. It had been quite along time since I had surveyed, but like riding a bicycle...as they say.

We made good progress, shooting mostly 20-25 foot shots. While still trying to tie into our last survey point I had to laugh at Shawn, and still it brings a smile and chuckle to mind, to remember her trying to walk on a Teflon-like, sloped, muddy bottom, while holding her sketch pad over her head and balancing all at the same time. Embracing caving tradition that makes the sketcher officially the leader of the party, we proclaimed a laughing Shawn "Goddess-Diva" and sacrificed compass readings and distance shots in her name.

Throughout the trip I kept asking Ryan if he was cold or uncomfortable in any way, which seemed overly paranoid, even for a parent, until you consider that Ryan was wearing a "shortie wetsuit" that came down to just his mid-thighs. Much to his credit, Ryan did especially well, occasionally climbing out of the water to allow his body to warm up, but never once complained. After the tie-in, we began to advance up stream finally and away from the muddy still waters. The cave passage changed once again into a higher ceiling with washed clean flooring, but featured craggy sharp edged walls and boot shredding slabs. Another hundred feet up the passage and the cavern evolved back into its familiar deep water, high ceiling passageway and suddenly our shots grew longer as more French terraces came into view.

Only one point along the route frightened me as we came upon a breakdown bend in the route, and in our lights we could plainly see a very large slab stretching across the passageway like some natural bridge about seven feet over the water's surface. Climbing up to the slab I immediately noticed that it was barely suspended because of a small double fist sized rock that wedged it into place. It was about the most obvious caver killer that I have ever seen in any cave that I was familiar with. Fortunately, I had my rock hammer with me and began to chip away at the joint. Finally after some good strokes the large slab suddenly fell away from my senses and hit the deep water with a thunderous hollow sounding splash. The rebounding water came up and hit both Ryan and I fully in the face.

We entered a stretch of the passageway that now featured our best shots. We began to tack on 50, 60 and even 70-foot shots in quick succession. Each time we managed to break our old record we would hoop and holler our excitement down the channel. Our best was 74.7 feet. It got to the point that the distance and water flow made communication nearly impossible.

After 670 feet and not knowing what time it was, we decided to call it quits for the day and push the passage for a distance. Harry and Shawn both told Ryan and I to look for obvious hanging flag tape, which would mean that we had linked the water survey with a previously scrutinized dry passage called "H" Survey. Sure enough, after a mere 300 feet we were standing under the expected pink tape all aglow and happy. At this point the dry passage seemed to be impeded by breakdown, but the river passage continued onward after taking a sharp 90-degree left turn.

I know what I wanted to do, and Ryan as well, but it was Shawn who broke the silence by suggesting with bright eyes and excited expression that we continue to push the water passage. After another 150 feet or so, we came upon a dry upper lead just off the water's edge and climbed out. The virgin route was decently wide; with hands and knees crawling going in both directions for as far as one could see. Shawn suddenly looked at Harry and gleefully speculated that this was probably the hidden continuation for the "H" survey and decided to backtrack down this lead to investigate. Ryan and I decided to take a breather and pulled up a rocky, muddy bank to nap on. My son, in true caver fashion, asked me wasn't it strange that such a normally uncomfortable place would feel so good to lie on?

Soon we could hear Shawn's voice calling us from the distance and we crawled up to meet them, emerging from a breakdown pile into the known "H" survey that we had just left a few minutes before. It was confirmed, the dry passage did have a continuation and what's more, continued to parallel the water channel. As important as this realization was, the adventure to locate the source of the water would have to wait for another trip. This was of course of considerable fascination for all four of us. The fact that the river passage continues to be completely devoid of all surface debris, meaning not a leaf, branch or nut, not a shred of anything on the water's surface as well as in the walls and ceiling, made the passage even more of a mystery. Furthermore, there was still the enigma of the left fork that has never been checked out and seems to have its own source. Either the water still comes to us from a long, long distance, or the source of the water is from a natural deeper spring. Either way it would prove to be an adventure to discover it.

Now don't underestimate my equal fascination with the other levels of the cave. I like any passage as long as it continues and I don't have to leave a pound of flesh to travel it, but I have always held a fascination with the lower river-ways of a cave. As a member of the Black House Mountain Gang I had the reputation of being the "sewer-rat" of the group. Harry Goepel and Vic Ayers were of equal reputation as well. Together we have learned through experience that water has a very strong chance of taking you to surprisingly hidden upper leads and through sewers you have the opportunity to basically "undercut" the cave and learn all its secrets.

What is most intriguing about the river passage and the "H" survey beside it is that both have cut right through the base of their host ridge and are running literally across the floor of huge valley on the opposite side, like a runaway squash vine from a garden. Other dry upper leads are following the ridgelines most faithfully, but these two are rebelling from the norm. My most cherished hope and fantasy is that our water passage continues right across the expanse of the entire valley and intersects with an entirely different system in a contrasting ridge. Now that would be one hell of a through trip!

After a long water, food and rest break, we made our way down the dry "H" survey heading for home. The upper passage was large and easy walking and suddenly I became impressed with the potential of the entire cave. So many leads in these dry

passages (and wet) have yet to be checked and pushed. Harry and Shawn pointed out leads frequently on both sides of the cave that had not been checked in the rush to map the primary passages. At five miles and still going strong, this cave has the potential of being one of the greatest caverns in Wayne County, and, with luck, possibly southern Kentucky.

My only concern with Ryan came immediately thereafter when we approached a major intersection, if not the mother of intersections, in the cave where several major trunk passages come together. Before us was a plunge of 18 feet into the “F” survey passage, passing through as an undercutting, perpendicular canyon. One needed to straddle across the void and, momentarily pausing, reach for a strategic handhold while maintaining your balance. It was tricky, but I had done it many times in other caves and never thought much of it, but when it comes to your own child doing it for the first time, well...

I crossed after Harry and in order to somehow act as a safety net came back down and provided a kind of human rope bridge for Ryan. For the first time in his brief caving career I saw real fear flash in his eyes, which made me stiffen even more with my own concern, but the fear was momentary, for his eyes studied the situation and hardened. With just a couple of words of advice from me he came across the void without a hitch. A few minutes later I gave him a hug and told him I was proud of him for his courage. I asked him how he felt and about laughed out loud when, after expressing his nervousness; he added that he was hugging every hold for dear life! The humorous ending to this is that after I had made myself a lifeline for my son, I had a little trouble in backing away from the void myself without sliding off the damn ledge!

After a rather steep come-down, using a rope that had been installed for hand holds, we found ourselves back into the original stream passage and began our last stretch to exit the cave. Rather quickly though it became painfully apparent that we were going to have a difficult time of it, for the water was swirling with mucky clouds making everything invisible under the surface. During our long survey time within the muddy passages we had obviously stirred up the sludge God. What was easily discernable on the way in now became a minefield of jabs, wounds and slashes. Every tilting slab, deeper pool, angled boulder and leaning ledge was totally hidden and it became a supreme chore to pick our way down stream. With every step you never knew what was coming, a throbbing stab into your thigh, an unexpected drop-off into over-your-head water, an ankle twister, or a knee-busting shock. Often you would begin to rise as you walked up a pile of underwater slabs only to unpredictably plunge into an unknown bottom or depth. Echoing up and down the passageway, our party of four liberally called out frustrated shouts of disbelief, potent grunts of pain and occasionally a muffled cry of cursing as the cave made us pay for our successful survey. Adding to the sounds were the frequent heaving groans, followed by a large splash, of the sizable dry bags that Harry and Shawn were throwing out in front of them.

Through the struggle I did take an opportunity at one point to notice the similarities between the scene before me and something that I had admired in one of my caving books. We had

allowed Ryan to lead our party to the entrance, with myself right behind, and I couldn't help but remark how cool he looked wading through deep water, his light shining out into the darkness, with his back to me. I suddenly realized that I had witnessed this very same scene before and wracked my brain to recall where. Suddenly I realized it was a famous photograph of a caver in Mammoth, water up to shoulders, lone headlamp looking forward, back to camera that was flashing inside my mind. I so wished I had a camera at that moment. It would have been such an excellent blow-up shot—full of mood and atmosphere.

Exiting into the brilliance of dinnertime sunlight, we were flabbergasted to find a multitude of lateral slashes through our coverall pant-legs, particularly from the knees downward, courtesy of our exiting experience. Fortunately, all of us had worn long bomber styled kneepads. Nevertheless, both Ryan and I were sore for two days afterwards for the experience.

After a quick clean up and reuniting with the other survey party, we were off to a Chinese buffet in Monticello, where we wolfed down our food, told jokes and talked eagerly about our day together. I kept kidding Shawn, who sat opposite of me devouring plate after plate of crab legs. She laughed back at me and said that her excuse was an accursed lack of iron.

So much still lies undiscovered inside GGC. The cave has so much potential, but to date only one known entrance. With leads going in every direction within the dry upper trunks, I still maintain a personal fascination with the mystery of the river passage. The fact that it is running across an open valley that should be pinching it out is interesting enough, but what is the source for it? And why is it so incredibly clean and debris free? Is it a filtering sinkhole, or underground spring or does it simply come from an incredible distance? And how far does the “H” survey parallel it?

Throughout my trip, the historian in me had to recall the great 19<sup>th</sup> century romp to discover the source of the Nile River in Africa, with all the media frenzy and scientific attention paid to it. That river also has a major fork in it, which became the Blue Nile and White Nile Rivers; both have their separate sources as well (Lake Victoria and Lake Tana). Being the romantic, I suggested to the group that we name the water passages similarly. Thus any future caving trips to GGC, as this first one, will be for the search of the source of the Nile River Passage and its two major tributaries. Hummmm...I wonder if they make imperial styled pith helmets for cavers? “Doctor Livingstone I presume?” I can just feel the Victorian adventurer in me ripening!

Oh and by the way, I came home tired, sore and late and still managed to shock Jim at the chessboard, handing him a stinging loss, thereby drawing our match for the weekend.

On Sunday we packed up from Granny's and checked out, but we were not finished yet. Lou Simpson delighted us by showing off Triple-S cave—one of his most favorite caverns inside Wayne County. We met a sundrenched Pam Carpenter (we were late again) and her son Nathan at the owner's house. After signing release forms, we crowded into Pam's fire engine red pickup truck and were off, passing grazing cows and rolling pastures.

After a short climb up hill, we reached the two crawl-in entrances that represent the rear doorways to the cave. The way in may be a plunging crawl, but the cave immediately opens up into something huge. Large and untouched formations greet the eye within the first couple hundred feet of passage and off to the right a very large room loomed, but back to that later.

Lou led us off down the left passage past colossal breakdown that had even Ryan openly gaping. After a few hundred feet Lou stopped at a short crawlway that was quite hidden behind one of these car-sized blocks and announced that he was quite pleased with himself considering it had been some years since his last visit and cavers routinely have trouble finding this little hole. Punching through, we immediately entered a lower level that was partially wet, but unexpectedly showcased larger and larger formations. Pillars were everywhere and stalagmites, much taller than I, reached for the ceiling. Draperies and flowstone hung everywhere, making this cavern far more decorated than any cave that I had been in. Jim Hankenship, being a far more experienced caver than I, also made the same observation. For my son Ryan this was indeed a treat.

Lou led us onward until we were standing inside a huge room, where, placed in the middle and hanging majestically from the high ceiling and rising from the floor below to within a few inches of their points, was the fabled White Lady. Lou, always joking about how old he is, commented that when he was a young caver it was known as the White Girl.

The place was rather temple like and such a dreamy location; the kind of cavern that you use to pray and receive revelations in. I had to think of historical Muhammad way back in 610 AD seeking spiritual guidance inside an Arabian cave. The White Lady drew your attention like a Buddhist shrine, Catholic altar, or the statue of a Greek Goddess. It was truly a wonder of solitude beauty.

While several people took pictures of each other standing beside the nature marvel, high up on a ledge overlooking the room, Ryan and I found a rock recliner couch, straight out of the Flintstones, to relax on. I had taught my son the first rule of cave relaxation: if you don't have to stand up, sit down, and if you don't have to sit down, lay down. Ryan took his place beside me and expressed his pleasure by saying, "This is the life, huh Dad?" And you know something? It truly was!

Later in the short trip Lou and Harry showed us the room off to the right from the entrance I had mentioned earlier. It was ballroom size, with a high flat ceiling 25 feet high and a huge wall of flowstone facing you, like the backdrop of a theatrical stage. Commenting on our surroundings, I related to Lou that I loved the ceiling. His wit was close behind. "Why thank-you, we did consider putting some formations over there, but we wanted to leave an over all simple design," he quipped.

Coming out of the crawlway entrances, we took pictures of one another punching our way to the surface and then made our way back to our clothes, our vehicles and later that day all the way home.

The saga has just begun...so stay tuned.

## Yet Another Jugornot Discovery

By Kevin Toepke

The plan was to push a couple pits in the MegaJunction/Skyline Ave area of Jugornot. And for once, we actually achieved our goal.

The actors: Myself, Lindsay (a WUSS), Kristin Kelley and Robert (Kristin's boy")

The weekend started with Lindsay and myself arriving at Squalid relatively early in the evening. Kristin and Robert didn't arrive until about 4am because of traffic on the way up from Florida.

This was my first trip back to MegaJunction via the confusions. I got confused at the top of the climb-up. I couldn't figure out which way to go! After making several wrong turns we finally found the way to go. It didn't take long for us to make it into MegaJunction from there. After grabbing a bite to eat we headed off to the first pit. For various reasons, we deemed this pit "Prom Date Pit". Well, it wasn't much of a pit. Twenty-two feet from the lip to the top of the talus slope. But it was virgin. Robert was the first down the rope and found there wasn't much to be had. But, we were there and there is a one JG hole at the bottom so we surveyed it in. There is some air coming from this hole.

The next pit was more interesting. Although it was only about 15 feet tall, there was more to do. It went. Actually, it still goes. Robert was able to free-climb the pit and pushed for a while the rest of us rigged the pit and started surveying. Robert wound up re-joining the group for a while through a hole in the floor that bypassed the pit.

To be consistent with the naming, we called this second pit "After Prom Pit".

Down he went again to push a different direction. Back again he came from further in Skyline Ave.

At the bottom of the 2<sup>nd</sup> pit is a little canyon/pit area that is fairly difficult to get into but doesn't go very far. According to Robert, the way he went was back under the path to the pit through a small muddy crawl he had to dig open. This leads to yet another pit, deemed "Cold Shower Pit" for the drips of water that fall on you while climbing.

There is darn good air at the bottom of Cold Shower Pit coming from multiple directions.



As our final act of the day, we surveyed down the hole in the floor, down Cold Shower Pit and a short way beyond. We stopped in passage 20' tall and 20' wide. There are plans to continue.

While we didn't get the 500' required to take Jugornot over 5 miles in length, we did find some good leads that can be pushed in wet weather.

## In and around Squalid Manor

By Bill Walden

In the last issue of the Squeaks I printed some photos of places of interest that are around the Dayton Area Speleological Society's

field house, Squalid Manor. However, I failed to take some photos of the old farmhouse itself. So here are some!



**Entrance to Squalid Manor**



**Living Room of Squalid. Can't tell this is a Cavers Palace can one?**



**Squalid from the driveway**



**Dartboard in Squalid Kitchen**

Squalid is aptly named and may be used only with permission of the Dayton Area Speleological Society (DASS). Batboy and cave maps decorate the walls and Squalid Manor certainly has the BEST library of any speleohut that I have ever visited. You will find bound copies of the Central Ohio Grotto Squeaks dating back to the 60's as well as bound issues from many other grottos that cave in Pulaski County, Kentucky. Not only are caving journals to be found but a wide variety of good books on many different topics. From browsing the library one realizes that members of DASS are certainly very well read. Major cave projects of DASS are the Coral Cave System and Wells Cave. Work is continuing in the Coral System. Contact Larry Simpson [Larry.Simpson@RCC.ORG](mailto:Larry.Simpson@RCC.ORG) for information.

*More on page 12.*

## Meeting minutes from April 22, 2003

By Dale Andreatta

18 people attended-meeting was kept short since we were in a small room and a couple people had White Castles for dinner.

Treasurer's report: \$842.26

KSS report: A meeting occurred 3 weeks ago, next meeting is April 27.

Trip reports: None

Old business: None

New business: None

Future trips: Darryl and Alice planned to spend several days doing Grayson-Gunnar and other caves in the upcoming weekend (April 26-28 or so).

The annual float trip on Buck Creek with light caving will be May 3. Bill Walden plans to go.

It was noted that the next meeting is May 28, after the Memorial Day weekend, and that there would be trips over that weekend in addition to Speleofest.

Program: Horton Hobbs III gave a talk about caving in general and especially about cave biology. Much use was made of graphics with a computer projector.

## 2003 Kayak/Caving Trip down Buck Creek or Things don't always go as planned!

By Bill Walden

I had been anticipating another kayaking and caving trip from the Stab Bridge on old KY Route 80 to Wells cave all year. There were several cave entrances that I wanted to check more thoroughly. One in particular I wanted to push as it is going under Long Hollow and it has substantial water flow. I believe this is the one that Mark Turner is interested and had asked me to check.

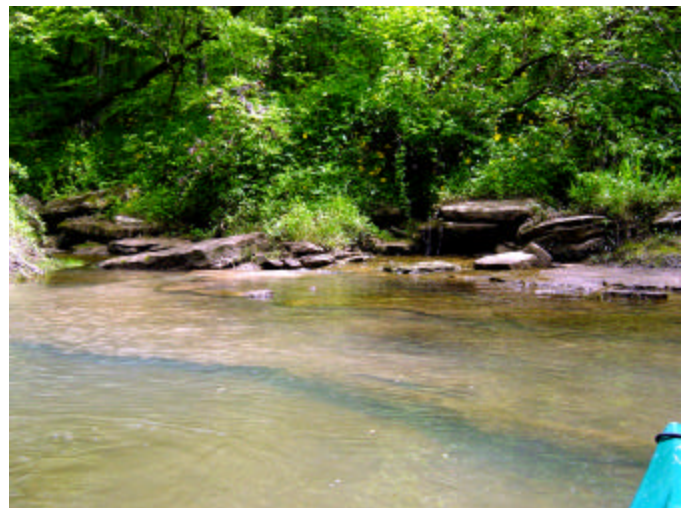
This May 3<sup>rd</sup> trip was to be a family event with my wife Karen Daughter Katie and her boyfriend Aron. We planned to stay at Squalid Manor because it is just a short distance from Stab where we planned to put the kayaks into Buck Creek.

Karen and I were first to arrive at Squalid. We cleared Jason Gulley's diving equipment from the beds in the bedroom and claimed the beds for the weekend. Later Jason and crew showed up. They had been out for dinner. Jason described some of the discoveries he has made. Slowly he is getting all the various parts of the Short Creek System surveyed and tied together. This is quite an undertaking!

We had expected Katie and Aron by midnight but they didn't arrive until 3:30 a.m. Turns out they had an awful time just getting out of the Pittsburgh area. Apparently it took them 2 hours at one point just to go one mile! The reason, the Fort Pitt Tunnel was closed and that apparently threw Pittsburgh into traffic chaos! So, we were late getting started Saturday morning. We dropped Karen and Aron off at the Stab Bridge with the boats, then Katie and I drove to the take out point just downstream from the Wells Cave creek entrance. We left my Ford Explorer there and drove back to Stab.

Karen had difficulty getting into her boat and in retrospect I should have taken that as a bad omen. Anyhow we were off.

The first points of interest on the trip are the multiple resurgences of Short Creek. Short Creek doesn't go straight through the cave and empty into Buck Creek. The water apparently takes a submerged passage(s) route and empties into Buck Creek from several places. Some are below the creek level and the Short Creek water "boils" up into Buck Creek. See the cover for a couple photos.



**Short Creek Water entering Buck Creek**

We continued on downstream admiring the many cave entrances and proto entrances in the cliff face along the way. Buck Creek has got to be one of the most pristine creeks in Kentucky. I could easily see rocks on the bottom 5 to 6 feet below the water surface. Occasionally I could see a large fish swim under my boat.





**Buck Creek rapids - note cliff behind Katie**

We stopped for lunch next to a cave with a stream coming from the entrance. The cave water was colder than the creek water. See photo on the cover and below.



**Cave entrance with stream flowing out**

Lee Florea, Randy Paylor, Larry Simpson, Becky Simpson, and I had stopped at this same cave last year.

Following lunch we continued on downstream. We encountered quite a few fishermen along the way.

At one point we felt a blast of colder air and so we stopped to visit yet another cave with a nice big walk in entrance. There were some really nice ferns growing just inside, quite a few bats on the ceiling and some birds nesting near the ceiling. Katie and Aron ventured inside while I waited and took some photos. Karen continued downstream by herself.

That concerned me.

I raced downstream trying to catch up with her. I found her way past the KY 1003 bridge. There I stopped her and we waited for

Katie and Aron to catch up. Of note during the flood of 1986 (?) Buck Creek actually reached the handrail on this bridge. The bridge is at a narrow place in the gorge and the handrail is about 60 feet above the normal water surface!



**Cave with ferns just inside the entrance (3 photos)**



Once we were all together again we continued downstream. At one point Karen fell out of her boat and injured her arm. She thought it broken. Now in pain all she wanted was help.

The creek is in a gorge so the only option in my mind was to rush downstream toward the car. I put a strap from my stern to Karen's bow and thus towed her. All went well through the quiet pools but the rapids bothered me. I paddled like mad through rapid after rapid trying to control both boats. In this manner we outdistanced Katie and Aron. Just below the KY 192 bridge Karen fell out of the boat again. It took me a while to recover everything and get back to Karen. By the time I did Katie and Aron had caught up and were able to help. I got Karen back into her boat but she fell out before we even got started again. Now she refused to try again. Since we were under the KY 192 bridge she wanted to wait for me to get the car and come back for her. I was dubious because of the very steep climb. Anyhow we left Karen and paddled the few hundred yards to the takeout point. We waited for some fishermen to clear the area so I could drive the Explorer down to the water's edge and load the boats.

It took a while to load the boats. I had to back up the drive to the road. The car seemed sluggish. I had a flat tire! Just what I needed!

I asked Aron to walk the road back to the bridge to let Karen know what was going on while Katie and I struggled changing a tire on a car on which I had never changed a tire. Finally we were off to the 192 bridge. We parked and walked down. We could have driven to within 100 feet of Karen – but it wouldn't have

helped. Karen wouldn't or couldn't move. She was getting hypothermic and her arthritis was acting up. We would have to call for help.

Needless to say the cell phone doesn't work in Pulaski County outside of Somerset. I asked Katie to drive to the top of the hill and try the cell phone there. She ended up flagging down a car. Help arrived in the form of a mass of people charging upstream from the bridge and away from Karen I thought it too soon for the squad to arrive so I asked. They were there to rescue a woman at the swimming hole upstream from the bridge. I interpreted this as miscommunication and said downstream. They were hesitant but followed me to Karen. How to get her up 100 feet to the drive? Perhaps it would be easier to float Karen down to the take out point. They called for a raft.

Realizing that Karen was getting more hypothermic, they decide to try and get her up the cliff. With me helping we did just that. And Karen was transported to the hospital in Somerset.

She had a dislocated shoulder – painful!

I drove Katie and Aron to Hardeys for a bite to eat then on to Squalid. I returned to the hospital for Karen. We got back to Squalid around 3:30 a.m.

In the morning I fixed the crew a breakfast of sausage and hash brown potatoes.

What had started out as a very pleasant Kayaking trip ended up as a near nightmare! I will remember the good part.

## Surveying in Grayson Gunner Cave

By Bill Walden

I talked Kevin Toepke into helping me continue the G survey in Grayson Gunner Cave (GGC). This is the survey in the stream passage that Katie, Aron and I had surveyed New Years Weekend. The last station we placed was G63, the shoestring station. We called it the shoestring station because we used a shoestring tied from a stalactite to identify the station. I wanted to continue this wetsuit survey.

We learned that Pam Carpenter had continued the survey a few more stations but there was yet more to be done. Pam explained that her last station was G69 and that there was a canyon above but the stream became too tight to pursue.

This was Kevin's first trip into GGC and I think he was looking forward to this visit.

Once in the cave we followed the stream and found ourselves going back downstream at one point. We had done the same loop Katie, Aron and I had surveyed the previous trip. Once corrected we continued back upstream to the shoestring station. The shoestring was still there. We located a station I thought was marked G69 and thus started our GA survey up and out of the water. After a few turns we were in another passage. It was

virgin in the downstream direction but had footprints in the upstream direction. We started in the upstream direction. The passage has several side leads one of which led to a nice room with a small waterfall and lots of flowstone. We noted unmarked survey stations at places where we could see the stream below so we must not have started at G69. The passage became a canyon with large breakdown blocks forming the ceiling. Shortly there was an opening above. We continued out GA survey till we could not continue.

Backing up to where we could see a passage above, with assistance from Kevin I climbed up into a large passage. There were many footprints so I assumed that it had been surveyed and searched for stations. I finally found F23 across from the climb. We connected our survey to F23 then returned to our starting point where we surveyed in the downstream direction. The passage became a "hands and knees crawl" so we stopped and backed up to a hole in the floor. This hole connected to G63 so we tied the survey into the shoestring station.

Paul's map shows the F survey below the G and GA surveys. That is impossible! We hope to correct this Memorial Day Weekend.



## More Photos from Around Squalid Manor



**The Entrance to Short Creek is just a short walk from Squalid Manor. Photo by Kevin Toepke**



**Silhouette of Dale Andreatta just inside the Stream Entrance of Short Creek. Photo by Kevin Toepke.**



**Oil fired Heater in the Living Room of Squalid Manor. Yes, this keeps the old farmhouse nice and warm during cold winter weekends. Bring your own fuel. Photo by Bill Walden.**



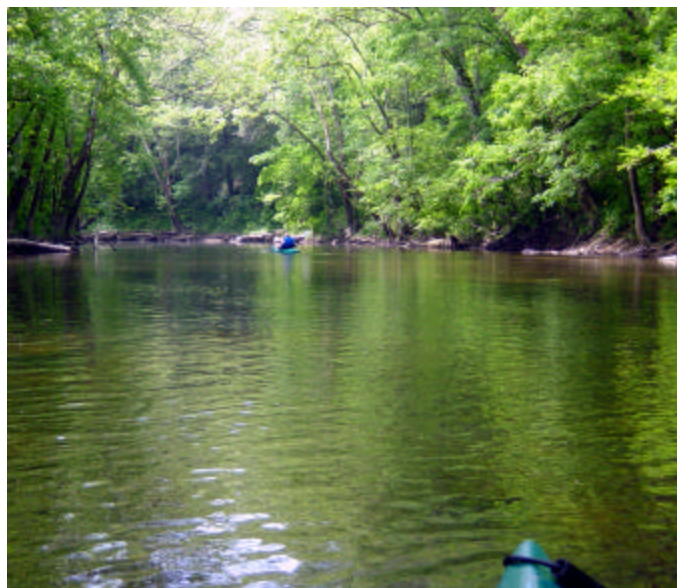
**1940's era Refrigerator still keeps the Beer Cold. Photo by Bill Walden.**



# **2003 Kayak/Caving Trip down Buck Creek or Things don't always go as planned – The bad part**

by Karen Walden

We had a good kayak trip until I injured myself.



**Karen Walden starting down Buck Creek from the Stab Bridge. Photo by Bill Walden**

At first we thought my left arm might be broken. It's a long story but I flipped at a rock and got dunked. Bill decided to tow me behind his kayak. It didn't take long for me to get cold and unbalanced, which made me fall out two more times, getting even colder.

I was hurt sometime around 6pm and by 8pm we stopped under a bridge. By then it was obvious that I wasn't doing well in the kayak and there was no way Bill, Aron, and Katie could get me up the steep hill. The three of them left me and went down to the take out spot. It didn't help that the car had a flat tire then.

They drove back to the bridge to check on me and use the cell phone to call 911 and before long two emergency vehicles and a helicopter showed up. By then I was shivering uncontrollably and couldn't stand on my own. They put me on a backboard and six or eight men carried me up to a dirt road where I was loaded onto a pickup truck that took me uphill to the ambulance.

The ambulance had heat lamps on but I still shivered even though the heavyset attendant was sweating. The ambulance ride was rough, especially on the curves.

In the emergency room they cut away my wet clothes and wrapped me in warm blankets -- heavenly. The x-rays were no

fun but I finally got some painkillers sometime around midnight.

The x-rays showed a dislocated shoulder, which was relocated with the help of more painkillers. The warming treatment brought my core temperature up to 96.1 by the time I left.

We finally got back to Squalid Manor after 3am Sunday. It was quite an ordeal but the emergency team was comforting and compassionate. It will be a while before I get into a kayak again and then I will definitely get myself some polypros instead of plain cotton jeans, and maybe even a helmet.....for now I have to keep the shoulder immobilized for three days and then get it checked by an osteopath.. Oh yes, I managed to bang and bruise my legs so they are quite swollen and colorful. My comfortable tapered pants were too tight for comfort last night. Sweat pants are the most comfortable for now.

Hindsight thoughts...I really should have worn polypros. Thank goodness I did wear my life vest. The trip was beyond my level of skill and endurance, but how could you tell the degree of difficulty from the put in point???



**Cave Entrance along Buck Creek. Photo by Bill Walden**

## **Buck Creek 3004 Trip?**

I would like to plan a 2004 trip down Buck Creek. Equipment needed – canoe or Kayak, light caving gear, food and water. Buck Creek is a Class I stream. The water quality is high.

Bill Walden